

The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, specifically a 'stone' or 'shell' pattern, featuring irregular, organic shapes in shades of green, brown, and cream. The left edge of the book is bound in a plain, light-colored material, possibly leather or cloth. In the bottom-left corner, there is a small, rectangular label with a red border and a white background. The label contains the text 'PZ3', 'B75', and 'Eas' stacked vertically. There is a small, irregular white mark or tear on the marbled paper just above the label.

PZ3
B75
Eas

PZ3

No. B75 Eas





AN

EASTER OFFERING.

BY

FREDRIKA BREMER,

AUTHOR OF "THE NEIGHBORS," "BROTHERS AND SISTERS," "THE MIDNIGHT SUN,"
"THE HOME," &c., &c.

68-2.22

TRANSLATED FROM

THE UNPUBLISHED SWEDISH MANUSCRIPT,

BY

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P R E F A C E.

MISS BREMER has long been known among us as the interpreter of Northern domestic life and feeling. In the little work which is now presented to the public she appears in a somewhat more exalted character—as the interpreter of the life and feelings of a nation, and that at a most interesting and critical point of its existence. She was a witness of what she describes, and as such her picture of Denmark can not but excite the deepest sympathy and admiration, more especially as the contest which she describes in the memorable Easter of last year, still remains undetermined, notwithstanding the amicable and earnest mediation of Great Britain.

In this little sketch, independently of its immediate and general interest, will be found a more lively and complete view of the literature and philosophy of Denmark than we are yet possessed of.

Surely, after this, the sympathies of our land will be with this noble and brave people.

M. H.

EASTER MONDAY, 1850.

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THE LIGHT HOUSE.

“Look! Axel, look, how the bridal-lights shine up aloft there! Ah! look, look! how the wedding-guests dance beneath the chandelier! And now!—now the wedding-lights dance with them! See how they whirl round!—how merry it looks! But now—now they grow dim, now they are nearly gone! now they are gone—only just a feeble glimmer—and now even that is extinguished! Why are the bridal-lights dimmed, Axel? Ah, see! there they are again! There are the bridal-lights again—so bright! so gay! shining upon the waves a long, long way out on the heaving sea, and shining upon you also, and making you beautiful! but why do they sometimes go and then come back again, Axel?”

And the young wife, who thus inquired, herself beaming as a happy bride, with one arm clasped round her husband's neck, pointed with the other toward a little cluster of bright flames, which seemed to burn high up in the air, toward the nightly heavens, and turning slowly round upon the same point, now dimmed their light, and now again blazed forth with dazzling splendor, casting a bright radiance upon the waves of the sea, and into the quiet, dark room, against the window of which stood a now-married pair, in this, their new home.

“It is a revolving light-house, you little dear, and no wedding-lights,” said the husband, setting her right, but smiling, at the same time, at his young wife's fancy; “it turns round in that way to show the mariners by night where they are; and the dark figures which you see moving about beneath the flames are the people whose business it is to keep up the fire; do you understand?”

“Ah, no! it is a bridal-light—it is a bonfire!” persisted Ellina, smiling with a beaming countenance; “they remind me of our wedding-evening, Axel. There they are blazing!—Ah! I shall never forget them!—I shall never forget how they dazzled me when I came in, and was to be married. I could see nothing for a minute or two, for the light. But since then it has seemed to me as if all the world was bright. It was like an enchantment. There was so much light—so very much light!”

“And you yourself shone brighter than all the wedding-lights put together. I did not see them, because I saw nothing but you!” said the enamored husband, and clasped his young wife fervently to his breast.

She was, however, at this moment, wholly occupied by the chandelier on the hill, and she asked again and again about it; and, however much Axel explained to her the phenomenon of

the light-house, its flames and their reflected light, Ellina seemed still to require further explanation in her own mind, as if the thing could not become intelligible to her.

And at night, when she went to bed, she could scarcely sleep; she was continually looking at the brightness of the light-house, which came and went, lighting up the room, and then leaving it in darkness; she was continually listening to the wind, which came in long gusts, like heavy sighs, around her dwelling; she listened to the monotonous murmuring of the waves, as they came up, again and again, and broke upon the rocks, on which the house was built, on the shore of the stormy Cattegat.

It was now autumn, and the season of storms in that region. And these revolving lights, and these ever-returning waves and sounds, without rest or pause, awoke disquieting, and alternately pleasant and alternately melancholy thoughts and forebodings in the breast of the young woman.

That was the first night in her new home.

She had dreamed a calm dream of childhood about happiness and joy, in one of the beautiful southern dales of Sweden, in a peaceful home amid affectionate parents, brothers, and sisters, and friends. Her home lay near a large city,—a seat of learning, and thence had reached her voices and influences of the fine arts and the sciences; from the fountains of wisdom where man can drink eternal youth and gladness from all life's glorious things. Much that was beautiful and good had the young girl seen in her own home and in nature. But she knew that beyond this great world, there was a still more beautiful, a still more glorious, a still greater world with which she should become acquainted when she was a woman. And thus she grew up, in a joyful presentiment of life, and thought to herself: When I am a woman I shall see, and I shall become something much more, much better than now. Yes, then I shall begin rightly to live; rightly to enjoy life.

What this better, this more beautiful something was really to be, she did not rightly know. What young girl, indeed, has a name for her deep, delightful anticipations? But a something which will make the whole of life stand forth, as it were, in transfigured glory; a something which will bring out the young soul from its twilight, into the life of light and the gladness of light,—which will satisfy its silent, but imperious demands and inquiries;—a something, which will make the consciousness of life, full,

and great and glorious—something like this it would be;—something like this would come;—thus believed Ellina; thus believes almost every warm-hearted young girl.

A young man now came and offered his hand to the young dearly-beloved girl. The parents were very glad, for they greatly esteemed Axel Orn*, and Axel Orn was a remarkable young man. Ellina did not say no,—because the bridegroom, the bridal-crown, the wedding,—these in truth were the things that must come first—these were but the beginning of the glory. And the parents would be so pleased, and Axel would be so happy. Ellina, must indeed, of necessity become happy herself. But—she was still so young she was unwilling to part from her parents and her brothers and sisters.

“If Axel would but wait!”

No; Axel will not wait! He will have *yes* immediately, and then—the wedding.

Every body said that Ellina could never have a better husband. Ellina then said *yes*. She was betrothed; she was teased about him; she was decked out, and then came the wedding-day, and the evening when Ellina was dazzled by the blaze of light,—when she saw, “So much light! So much light!” and believed that now the light of life would properly begin for her.

And thus she accompanied her husband to the place where he had built his nest.

It was among the cliffs beside the sea. It was on the western coast of Sweden, among the sea-rocks of Bohusän. I do not say exactly where it stood, because that is unnecessary. But it was a long way from the home of Ellina’s childhood, and very unlike its beautiful dales. There were orchards and nightingales; here merely an archipelago of naked, gray cliffs, and around these, that restless sea, that roaring Cattedgat. Such, for the greater part, is the rocky shore of Bohusän.

Many people think scenery of this kind, unpleasant, horrible, repulsive; I love it, and it is to me more attractive, more agreeable than scenery of real softness and verdure, than that of a cultivated and fertile character, which may be found every where. Reader, couldst thou love a character without its mysteries? I could not. Neither, of a certainty, couldst thou, if, for example, the question was about a human character—a human soul. But be cautious (I am speaking now to myself) in saying this character has no mysteries. For can there be a human soul without them? The most that can be said is, that this soul has not yet had its Pentecost; no tongue of fire had yet breathed into it, its awakening breath; and as yet no one knows what is in it.

But now let us return to the wild sea-rocks of Bohusän, and to their mysteries; because they have such. They resemble those human characters which outwardly are hard and rough, but within them lie hidden fruitful lovely valleys. Make a closer acquaintance with the granite islands, and thou wilt scarcely find one

among them which does not possess its grassy spots—its beautiful, flowery fields. These gray cliffs draw in the beams of the sun, and long retain their warmth within their granite breasts. They communicate them to the earth which lies at their feet, and within their embrace, and the organic life blooms luxuriously therefrom. In wild abundance springs up the honeysuckle from every cleft of the rocks, and flings, with the shoots of the blackberry, its delicate blossoming arms around the mossy blocks of stone, converting them into beautiful monuments on the graves of the Vikings. Beds of irises and wild roses bloom beautifully in the bosom of the granite rocks; and up aloft, on the cool brow of the hills, where only the wild goat and the sea-bird set their foot, small white and yellow flowers nod in the wind above the breakers of the Cattedgat, which foam at their feet. Upon the smallest of these cliffs the sheep find wholesome herbage, and thrive upon it; and upon the largest, in the midst of the granite fastnesses may be seen a blooming Eden, planted with roses and lilies, where a son of Adam, with his Eve, lived, separated from the world, silently and—happily. We will believe so. But things go on queerly in these quiet, secluded Edens. It did not go on very well in the oldest, that we know; and in those of later days—but very little better—as far, at least, as the human beings are concerned. Generally speaking, life upon a solitary island is not very beneficial. The uniformity of the surrounding circumstances; the monotony of the days, in which ever recur the same impressions, the same occupations; the want of employment, of active thought, and of living diversions, cause the soul, as it were, to grow inward, and the feelings and the thoughts to collect themselves around certain circumscribed points, and to grow firmly to them. We see this in Iceland, and its formerly powerful race; how the slightest misunderstanding gave birth to quarrels, how quarrels grew into hatred, and hatred to burning and bloodshed, and all this from the monotonous pressure of time, and the recurrence of the same bitter billow-stroke against the heart. We see it in the Faroe Isle, in those quiet, insane figures which wander about among the rocks and the mist. For if misfortune and adversity come, and the human being has no place to flee to where he can disperse their impressions; no place to go to from these mists and these dark cliffs, his understanding must at length become clouded.

Nevertheless, I love solitude, and the soul’s undisturbed communion with itself, and can not further pursue the conclusion to which these instances seem to lead than to say; that it is not good for man to be alone—for a long time.

And now again to our young couple, Axel and Ellina. It was an eagle which had taken a dove to its nest upon the rock. The unusual and stern scenery which surrounded her; the solitude; the storms of autumn; the roaring of the sea, all these had painfully depressed her heart. But she had her own home—there is not a woman who does not know this to be a happiness—and the domestic cares which it required. And there was, indeed, also the fire, the light-house, which reminded her, every dark evening, of the most splendid night in her life,

* It must be borne in mind that Orn, a Swedish proper name, means also an eagle; therefore occasionally a play on the word occurs in the original, which I can not transfer.—M. H.

of the wedding, when she said "So much light! so much light!" And there was the first and the last, and before every thing else—her husband. And he was not merely a man of a noble and powerful mind, but he was also a good husband.

So good was he, that I now take the opportunity of making a confession which I have often had upon my lips, but have hesitated to make from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman. But now I will run the risk—so now for it—some time or other, people must unburden their hearts. I confess, then, that I never find, and never have found a man more lovable, more captivating than when he is a married man; that is to say, a good married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect in my eyes as when he is married, as when he is a husband, and the father of a family, supporting, in his manly arms, wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, in his entrance into the married state, closes around him and constitutes a part of his home and his world. He is not merely ennobled by this position, but he is actually *beautified* by it. Then he appears to me as the crown of creation; and it is only such a man as this who is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But then propriety forbids it. And Moses, and all European legislators declare it to be sinful, and all married women would consider it a sacred duty to stone me.

Nevertheless, I can not prevent the thing. It is so, and it can not be otherwise, and my only hope of appeasing those who are excited against me is in my further confession, that no love affects me so pleasantly; the contemplation of no happiness makes me so happy, as that between married people. It is amazing to myself, because it seems to me, that I, living unmarried, or mateless, have with that happiness little to do. But it is so, and it always was so.

I was but a little child when I saw my father, one day, come into the room where my mother was, and place before her a gift which gave her great pleasure. She kissed his hand; and words and glances of tearful affection passed between them. Never shall I forget the feeling of happiness, nay, of bliss, which gushed through my soul as I witnessed this, standing silently in a corner of the room with my doll. It was as if heaven sank down into my heart. I stood silently under its weight when the glance of my parents fell upon me.

"She blushes so beautifully, the little one!" said my mother, affectionately, and my father came and laid his hand softly upon my head.

Never shall I forget that either.

It is something of this first, blissful feeling which I experience every time I see the happiness of a good married pair, especially when it is considerably after the honeymoon.

Ellina was very young when she, on the first evening, saw the wedding-lights up aloft from her new home.

Many years have passed since then, and Ellina was no longer young.

She was now the mother of seven sons. Sickness, anxiety, much labor, in rough and smooth, with but limited means, had greatly changed her both outwardly and inwardly. She

was an agreeable woman still, but the bloom of her youth was over, and the soul, that soul which anticipated so much that was great and beautiful in life, which believed that it should advance from one brilliancy to another, till its whole world and life became transfigured in beaming light, this soul had long since said farewell to all its anticipations, to its dawning thoughts and hopes, in order to inclose itself within the innumerable web-like filaments of domestic cares and anxieties, daily repeating themselves like the waves upon the rock, like the shadow-side of the light-house, like the sighs of the autumnal wind. Ellina fulfilled her duties faithfully. But this did not make her happy. For, although the path of duty leads at last to happiness, as the six working days to the Sabbath, still, in the mean time, people may be unhappy. The deeper wants of Ellina's soul were not satisfied by this path. She felt as if something living and beautiful within her soul had been buried by degrees, as if it had been interred beneath the weight of earthly perplexities and petty cares. She seemed to herself sorrowfully changed.

Ellina was no longer gay; she felt, at times, disposed to weep over herself. That is the way with an infinite number of women. They feel themselves capable of receiving life and all things in one great and beautiful whole. They believed that they should advance, were ascending in knowledge, in love, in joy as in an upward-tending metamorphosis. But the stream of life has carried them away to the desolate regions. Their world has become oppressive. They are incased by earthly cares; they are caught in the meshes of petty objects, of petty thoughts, and petty interests. They are themselves obliged to frame these very meshes. Then does life lose for them its splendor, and the mind its morning-brightness and elasticity; then is the soul dejected; then, not unfrequently, does the temper become soured, and the horizon ever more contracted, ever more gloomy. In some calm moment, they cast an upward glance and look around, and within themselves, with sorrowful astonishment, and exclaim "Ought this to be so? Is life nothing more? Was it for nothing else that I have existed?" And they remember the yearnings of their youth. "Dreams!" say they then; heave a sigh and let fall a tear, and then go on again in the daily weaving and spinning—and spinning until they have spun their shroud, and that is the end of their days on earth.

But it is not merely so with women; no, it is so with many, many men, gifted with fervent and richly endowed souls. Over the yard measure, the scales, over dry ledger-columns, or in the pulpit, day out and day in, are they conscious of the past within themselves, the feeling, thinking, creative spirit by degrees blunted and deadened, and the heart buried, laid beneath the clod while it has truly lived. They also look up sometimes and ask "For what purpose is this life? Why do I live?" These all are souls which are waiting for their Pentecost. Waiting souls! Could I but let you feel, as certainly as I know it myself that *it comes!* And the glory of its reality will far exceed your most beautiful young dreams.

While we have been speaking of the changes

in Ellina, some of our readers may have certainly thought that Axel, and the early happiness of their marriage may have also undergone a change. It was so. What man and what marriage remains the same during a period of fourteen or fifteen years? Ellina's husband was, as we have said, a man of a noble and a kind nature, and we maintain it. But he was, for all that, too exclusively a man, as she was too exclusively a woman. His strong character had an outward, practical bias; hers tended inward, was poetical and contemplative. On many subjects, there was between the two no point of meeting. They met still less frequently, when, as years went on, and the family increased, his labor for its support increased in proportion; and when, furthermore, he found himself disappointed in an expected promotion. In this way his time and his thoughts were more and more occupied by practical outward life. Naturally incommunicative, he became still more silent and austere. She felt herself still more and more solitary; but too prudent and too proud to complain of the unsatisfied wants both of heart and soul, she shut herself still more within herself. He became more and more like the hard rock; she more and more like the solitary lily within its walls. In addition to this, there was a little subject of difference which led to displeasure and contention between the married pair, and which often silenced, always recurred afresh. And in this way they became sundered by degrees, without rightly knowing how; but there was a something between them, a cloud, an invisible partition wall, a nameless something, a something, they knew not what, which made them increasingly more and more alien to each other.

Married couples, who have traveled on together a long way through life, tell me, is not this an every-day story? Is it not the history of every nine couples out of ten? If the relationship between the two continues in this descending direction, married life, in the end, becomes changed, until it somewhat resembles the Dead Sea, upon the shores of which no flower can thrive, no bird can sing, over the surface of which a pestilent vapor hangs, and out of whose depths may at times in the decreased water, be seen to ascend the dark ruins of a formerly beautiful but cursed city. Silently stands married life, bearing little resemblance to any other life on earth. There goes forward in it a noiseless, incessant change either for good or for evil, just according as the married pair will it. The occasions may be different in every case, but in almost all, moments or crises occur by which it can be easily seen what hour strikes, what the time betides. In most instances, it happens, that when the first flames are extinguished, that deeper union is permitted to be dissolved, and the soul allowed to escape. And then it does so—

“Provided that no heavenly love is near
To call the soul back with a bridal kiss;”

and to wed her afresh to a higher and a holier union.

There is no want of Nicodemus-brains in the world who ask, doubtfully, “How can this be?” To these we have not much to reply, except

that we know that it often happens, and that we know no other cause for it than that upon which rest principally all the good issues of every event; the wheel in the watch of life, the axle upon which revolves the light-house of life—the good-will in the hearts of the interested parties themselves. And, for the rest, I will now continue my history. I wish (I am now speaking to myself) that I could let alone reflections which the reader would make himself without my help.

That particular cause of misunderstanding between Axel and Ellina, to which we have alluded, was the education of the boys. The father persisted that the mother “coddled and petted them too much;” in a word, that she spoiled them. Very possibly there was some justice in what he said; but the children were dutiful, and adored their mother. There is actually no spoiled child; and the father became, perhaps, too severe in proportion as the mother was too indulgent. He was very anxious to have the boys early removed from home to a good school, a long way off, where they might learn something, and “be made clever fellows.”

Some of the young eagles had already flown away to a distant place; the youngest only remained behind; and he also, said the father, must go away—must leave his home. The mother, however, said no. He was so young still, and so delicate, said the mother. For that very reason he must leave home, and lead a more active and hardy life, that he might become a stout fellow. The boy was already nearly ten, said the father.

The will of the father overcame that of the mother; but when he tore away the youngest son from her embrace—and he might have done it much more mildly—he tore also asunder a tie which had bound her heart to his. Thus did Ellina feel it.

When she was left alone, she felt herself very solitary. There were now no little arms to clasp themselves, morning and evening, around her neck; no little head to kiss every night when she went to rest; no joyful merriment through the day, which made her forget all that was wanting to her soul.

All this she now missed; and the worst of it was, that Axel also was away, not merely from home, but also out of her heart. She felt it there so desolate, so dark, that she became afraid of it. Yes, it is very probable that she would have borne the boy's absence very differently, if she could only have preserved the image of her husband bountiful in her heart.

And, besides this, it was again autumn, and all the business of autumn claimed her attention—that very business which Ellina never liked, and which now seemed to her more oppressive than ever. There was preserving, and salting, and drying, and baking, for the whole winter; sausages to fill, black puddings to boil, candles to dip, and so on, and so on. The storms of autumn came; the waves beat again and again upon the rocks; the wind pursued its melancholy course round the dwelling; and the light-house turned and turned, with its sameness of shade, and its sameness of light. This ever-recurring sameness had a depressing effect on the already dejected mind of Ellina.

Axel remained long away—much longer away than was necessary for taking his little boy to school. When he returned, he brought with him three strange gentlemen as guests. Ellina was not one of those silly women who think it a great hardship, and who look very cross when their husbands bring with them to dinner, or to supper, an unexpected guest. But then, at once! three strange people whom she cared nothing about, when the beloved of her heart was taken from her; three strange gentlemen at the very time when her heart was full of sorrow, and when the pantry was empty—it was too much!

When Axel clasped her tightly and warmly in his arms, she remained within his embrace as pale and as stiff as the lily might stand within the bosom of the rock, and returned no embrace, no warm kiss.

Wounded on his side, Axel now turned away from her to his lively guests, with whom he now exclusively occupied himself. Ellina also hastened away. She went to see after the supper, and to provide for all the wants of the newly-arrived. Perhaps both husband and wife indistinctly felt at this moment that it was a good thing they were not alone with each other.

When the cup is brimful there needs, as we know, and as is often said, only one drop to make it run over. This one drop now came to Ellina, under the guise of her female domestic and cook, Mamsell Rödberg, the most prudent, the most faithful, and also the cleverest creature in the world, but who had a great propensity to see every thing on its most tragical side, and in those particular cases, where good counsel should help, would begin by not being able to suggest one single expedient, hence Ellina, both in joke and earnest, called her “my Mamsell Helpless.” But as Ellina was always full of resources, and Mamsell Rödberg was excellent in action, and carried out well whatever her mistress suggested, the two went on capitally together, although Ellina had sometimes an ordeal of patience to go through when she wanted to take counsel with her servant as to what dinner should be provided, for Mamsell Helpless would then stand before her as stiff as a mile-stone, and wave up and down, up and down, first one and then the other of her long, thin arms, while she had not an available idea to make use of, and never had any thing to suggest, excepting—“spinach.”

If the moon and all its unknown contents had fallen down upon the earth and into the kitchen of Mamsell Rödberg, she could not have looked more helpless and more terrified than she did now, when the master of the house returned unexpectedly with three unexpected gentlemen, just in that very evening when they were going to prepare for the great family baking, and when they were not provided with autumn stores.

At the sight of her, Ellina became this time almost provoked, and said somewhat angrily:

“Dear Rödberg, it is not worth while looking like personified misery, instead of helping to think what we can get this evening for the gentlemen!”

Mamsell Helpless stood there, and moved the right arm with the left hand up and down, up and down, and had not a word of counsel to offer.

Ellina.—“Have you nothing in the larder?

Can not you hit upon something which can be got quickly ready?”

Helpless waved the left arm with the right hand up and down, up and down, and stammered forth:

“Yes—spinach!”

Ellina in despair. “Spinach? Dear Rödberg, do you think that four gentlemen could sup on spinach?”

But as usual Ellina was obliged to take counsel with herself, and besides that, was obliged this evening to be both head and hand in the kitchen, for Mamsell Rödberg had lost all notion of things; and every bin, and every shelf in the larder was unusually empty, and the prospect for the coming days, and the entertainment of four gentlemen was not of the most agreeable kind.

Ellina succeeded, but not without some trouble, in meeting the necessities of the moment; and when, after the evening meal was ended, she saw the four gentlemen amusing themselves at the card-table with cigars and sugar-water, she bade them good-night, and retired to her own room, deeply wearied both in body and soul.

The soul was wearied indeed, but the mind was excited. There was an agitation within her, which Ellina had never felt before, a something which made her almost afraid of herself. It was a something murmuring and bitter against—her husband. Voices arose from the agitated waves which said:

“Is it come to this? Am I merely to him a housekeeper, a servant to minister to his whims, to his convenience? My feelings, my sufferings, my heart’s-life, do they deserve no regard, no indulgence? Am I actually sunk so low? And Axel, and he who ought, who promised—”

“Silence!” said Ellina, resolutely interrupting the ascending voices, while she pressed both her hands tightly against her throbbing heart, as if she would still its beating. “Silence! Not a word against him. And he may now be, he may now become toward me what he will; but my duty toward him shall be faithfully performed. He shall not see the torment in my soul, the cloud in my mind. He shall miss nothing, he shall not have cause to complain. Happy I can not be, but I can be good, and I will be patient. God help me!”

Poor Ellina! she endeavored to calm herself, but in vain. She darkened, it is true, the window, that the radiance of “the wedding-lights up aloft” might not enter her room. She will not see them now. Resolute and dark in soul, she seated herself, dressed as she was, upon her sofa, and closed her eyes intending to sleep. In vain. She was by far too miserable in the depths of her heart. Again and again returned the bitter waves; and again and again arose the murmuring voices, and heavy bitter tears seemed to collect beneath her burning eye-lids. Every moment she felt more uneasy, more unhappy. She could not rest; she could not even pray.

When she again opened her sleepless eyes, she saw that her room was light, not with the light of day—for it was near midnight—not with “the wedding-lights,” not with the radiance of the ever changing light-house, but of a mild, steady brightness. Ellina rose up, went

to the window, and drew aside the curtains. She saw that the clouds which for so many days had collected in the heavens, had now opened, and made a pathway for the moon, who, with her pointed horn turned upward, stood bright and beautiful, in her first quarter, above the mountain. The storm was hushed likewise. Ellina opened the window. The wind, at the same time bland and fresh, fanned her burning brow. The beams of the moon fell pleasantly upon the rocks and the waves, upon the withered flowers of the garden, and also upon the rain drops which hung upon the leaves of the trees. It was as if they whispered to her: "Come out! come out!"

Ellina wrapped a shawl around her shoulders, and tied a veil over her head, and went out. As she passed by her husband's room door, she staid her steps involuntarily. She heard that he was still up, and she thought: "Suppose I were to go in, and lean upon his breast—and—I have not behaved kindly to him to-day! Perhaps that made him angry. Suppose I were to go to him and tell him all? No!" interrupted another voice, "he cares very little about me, and he—does not deserve it from me!"

And she went hastily and silently forward. How many good feelings, how many moments of reconciliation do not thus go by, and the time goes by also, and it becomes—too, late.

Ellina stood upon a rock-terrace by the seaside, close to her home. The night was beautiful, bright and delicious, such as September nights often are on the western coast of Sweden. A deep repose had come over nature after the storms of the previous days. The yellow leaves fell silently from the trees; the flowers being withered as their stalks, but the moonbeam kissed them, and gentle breezes passed, sighing over them. It was as if some power of love were now abroad and full of the spirit of beneficence and reconciliation. Even the billows of the Cattagat seemed to be under the influence of its fascination, and rolled in softly, as if murmuring of love, and laid themselves upon the granite breast, which so often had fretted and broken their wild swell.

Ellina looked upon the falling leaves, the withered flowers, the gentle moonbeams above them, the fascinated billows, and an indescribable feeling of pain overpowered her. The woman who was otherwise so quiet, now wrung her hands, raised them toward heaven, and exclaimed aloud, while the so-long restrained and bitter tears streamed forth over her cheeks:

"Ah! I am merely a faded leaf—a withered flower—but no glance of love rests upon me. Oh! that I might fall as these; might die before my heart dies, before I become embittered in feelings! Father in Heaven! take thou me to thy house, because all on earth is closed against me. My children are taken from me; my husband loves me no longer. Youth, health, joy, desire for life, love and hope, all are gone from me—gone forever!"

But before the upraised arms had dropped, other arms had embraced Ellina, and a voice whispered into her ear:

"What is gone, gone forever?"

It was the voice of Axel.

But Ellina was too much excited at this mo-

ment to reply. She turned from him her tearful countenance and only wept, wept.

He remained silent, but continued to hold her to his breast, that she might weep there. It was kind and manly of Axel.

When Ellina was calmer, he said: "Ellina, come with me to 'our Rest,' on Språk island. The night is beautiful, and—I should like to talk with you there."

Ellina went silently, leaning on her husband's arm, down some steps in the rock, and into a little green skiff, the boys' boat, and called "the North Star," which, now impelled by Axel's vigorous pulls at the oar, sped lightly over the softly-heaving waves.

Both husband and wife sate silent, Ellina with downcast, tear-laden eyes; Axel with his looks resting upon her.

It was not long before they reached a little, rocky island. A tolerably lofty wall of granite rock secured it from the north and east wind, and collected all the rays of the sun in the south. Nature herself had here hewn out in the rock a seat large enough for two persons, and this Axel had made still more convenient for the purpose, while he had trained the wild honeysuckle and ivy which grew luxuriously around it, tastefully to wreath and adorn the "Rest in the Rock," as Axel called the place. Axel had done this in the early flowering-time of his love; and hither he would often conduct his young wife, mostly during the calm, autumnal evenings, when the sea was bright, and the winds around the Språk island whispered sweet mysteries into the ear of the youthful pair. Frequently had they sate there, in the bosom of the granite rock, and exchanged words and looks of love, and cast bright glances over their coming life, while the circling fires, "the wedding-lights up aloft," cast its splendor upon the now rising, and now sinking waves.

It was now very long since they had been there together—several years.

The sprays of the ivy, and the wild shoots of the honeysuckle, grew there luxuriantly, as of old; but they now hung neglected around, from the want of a directing hand.

And now again the pair sat side by side upon the granite seat, with the great sea swelling around them, and the gentle winds sporting around them, and which now seemed busily to whisper, "Speak, speak."

And again Axel, taking Ellina's hand, spoke:—"Ellina," said he, "what is it which is gone—gone forever?"

Oh, that voice! It was so like that which she heard in the early, beautiful times. Sixteen years rolled back hastily before Ellina's soul.

She laid her forehead against Axel's shoulder, and said softly, "Axel—do not ask!"

But she felt that he read the very depths of her soul, and she added, "You know what?"

And again there was silence between the two, and only the busy, friendly winds around the Språk island, whispered, "Speak! speak!"

And again Axel spoke:—

"Yes, I know it," said he, slowly; "I know it. I have seen it for some time. Ellina, you must no longer live here. You must be brought nearer to objects—to persons who can give you

that which your soul, your heart needs, and—which I can not give."

Axel's voice trembled. Axel resembled the mountain scenery in which he was born. His was a granite-nature, but when it unfolded its breast, life bloomed forth in luxuriance—a region of Paradise revealed itself. Naturally taciturn, he at such times became eloquent.

"Do not think," Ellina," continued he, with a powerful emotion, which made his cheeks pale, and which forced tears from his strong eagle eyes; "do not think that I am altogether blind to the separation between us, or that in many respects I am—together insufficient for you. You are in many things superior to me, Ellina. You have a more refined nature; you have more beautiful, more noble requirings; you have need of interests and occupations for which I am not fitted. I have endeavored to conceal this from myself, because—it was painful to me. I have hardened myself toward this feeling, and toward you—I have placed a rock upon my own breast. Your gentleness and your tears have broken through it. Ellina! Ellina! I see it; you are unhappy, you are dying, and it is I who—but, no! I will not make you unhappy; I who promised to live for your happiness. When I last parted from you, my determination was taken. And now, Ellina, this will I tell you—I have already petitioned to be removed. If my request is granted, as I have reason to hope, you shall live nearer to the city, where your boys are, and where you shall have the society, the occupation which you like. You shall see the boys whenever you wish. They can come home every Sunday. I will not separate them from your influence. Believe me, I know that there is but one university in life, and that is where the heart is educated. It was only an enervating home-education, which I was afraid of. I have been considering, for a long time, how you and they could be brought nearer to each other; but I could not manage it without great pecuniary sacrifices. Perhaps I have hitherto thought too much of these; perhaps I have thought too much of mere outward advantages. I believe so; I will do so no longer. Let it cost what it may, it must be otherwise, for your sake. But now, Ellina! whether my proposal shall succeed or not; whether the anticipations I have awoke shall be speedily fulfilled, or delayed for a longer period, Ellina! will you bear it with patience—will you help me to bear it—will you lean upon me, and endeavor to love me—as you did formerly?"

Thus spoke Axel, but more warmly, more fervently, more ardently, than mere words can express.

And Ellina? A little breeze of the heart's spring, of the soul's summer-life is sufficient to call up in the soul a whole world of flowers, and now this fullness of love, of deep feeling, which broke forth impetuously. Ellina bowed herself before it like the flower to the force of the water-fall, and lifted her face brilliant with beautiful tears, as she replied to Axel's words, "Will you endeavor to love me—as you did formerly?"

"No, not as formerly, Axel," said she, "no, a thousand times better! Oh, why do you talk

about expectations, wants, about disappointed hopes, now that you give back every thing again, and that I again have you, and that I see you love me!"

"But how came you to doubt that?" asked he.

"Oh, Axel, you have been greatly changed toward me!"

"And you, Ellina, have you always been the same toward me as formerly? Have you not often been cold toward me, when I have approached you with kindness? Have you not often, within the last few years, withdrawn yourself from me, when I would have clasped you to my heart—and only—this very evening—yes, I also have had cause to doubt whether you still loved me!"

Ellina was silent, and looked down. She knew that it was as Axel had said.

Axel continued:

"I am too proud, Ellina, perhaps also too sensitive, to compel a love which is not given me of free-will. I have drawn back because you also did the same. But perhaps I have been—yes, certainly I have been more austere, more distant than I wished to be, or was aware of. It is difficult, Ellina, to discover how many errors we fall into. But one thing is certain, it could not go on much longer as it has been for some time between us. Give me your hand; read in my heart; see there what my intentions are, and let me read in yours; tell me all—all your sufferings, all my faults, all which—"

"Oh, silence!" interrupted Ellina, and kissed away the words from Axel's lips. "Say no more. Oh, that I had but understood you before—had understood the wealth of your heart, and what your feelings were, and you never should have had cause to complain of me. But now—God bless you for what you have said! Axel! we must begin to live anew for each other. Let our hearts be open to one another, let us never separate more! Let it be as it may about our removal from these rocks, it will still be well, that I know, because you have again removed into my heart, and I feel myself again at home in yours. And now see, I am your wife, your servant, your friend, whatever you will, my Axel. Come life, come death, suffering, sickness, care, I shall still be happy, and thank God in the certainty of your kindness, of your love; in the certainty that you are mine, and that I am yours forever!"

When these last words were spoken between the pair, there remained little more to be said. There was then only one language, one silent but speaking language, which could express the fullness of feeling.

Ellina felt the glowing words like a dew upon her brow, her cheeks, and her eye-lids. Every furrow of time and sorrow seemed effaced by them. Eden bloomed again within and around the two.

When Axel rowed Ellina home, the night had become dark, because the moon had descended behind the hill. But the sea was bright and glittered with every stroke of the oar; fire seemed to drop from the lifted oars. The stars of the firmament looked down upon the heads of the married pair, and the whirling wedding-lights up aloft, shone clearer than ever toward

the nocturnal heavens, and far, far out at sea into the dim distance.

Ellina said again, as on the evening of her marriage, "So much light! so much light!" and the wedding-lights were again bright within her heart.

And they could no more become dimmed; never could the steadfast light become dim, which she had now revived in her heart. The waves of feeling might rise or might fall, but this brightness would always rest upon them. This certainty filled Ellina's soul with a celestial joy. She became quite like a child again, as she had not been for so long. She played with the sparkling waves, they also were bright with the life of love! She splashed her hand into the water, and let it glitter and sparkle, she bathed therewith Axel's hands and face in the very extravagance of her joy. And Axel owed her nothing, for he gave her back that baptism of fire and water, which she shunned not. And their glances shone, and kissed each other in the starry night. For it is possible to kiss even with glances.

When Ellina, on the following morning, went into the kitchen, she seemed there like a rosy dawn of day, and lit up even Mamsell Rödberg's gloomy soul and mind, so that light diffused itself therefrom even into the darkest corner of the pantry. And what expedients there now were for every thing! There was no longer any talk about spinach. Nobody now thought about spinach;—the unsightly, miserable dish, not worthy of the name. Sausages and cutlets; the fish of the sea, and the birds of the air came into the house as if by magic. Plenty was in the kitchen, and plenty was on the board. Nothing was wanting, or if any thing was wanting, it was not noticed, which was better still. And they who know what a mighty magician a cheerful, courageous heart is, and how it is acquainted with "the primitive word" which is the key to every thing, and which can command every thing, will not be astonished at this.

And now I can say nothing about the "flitting," whether it took place, or whether it did not, because I know nothing about it. But this I must tell you, that one year after that bright night, there was born a little girl, which was called after both father and mother, Axellina. And if you would see how the sun's light and joy can, as it were, dwell within a human countenance, then I would show you that little girl; show you Axellina's laughing eyes, her bright, shining locks. No language is more unintelligible, or more charming, than that twittering, bird-like

eloquence which flows from her rosy lips; the trails of the honeysuckle are not more wild and more graceful in their twining growth than is this little girl. You should see the sweet little creature reposing on her father's arm or on his breast, or playing around his feet. And if ever you saw a man whose nature is firm as a rock, conquered and ensnared by the magic arts of a child, it is Axel Orn, when he holds in his arms that laughing, graceful, wild, good, enchanting little child, or sits in an evening by her little bed, and hears her repeat her evening prayer. No, he is not a bit better than Hercules spinning at the feet of the young Omphale. I am not quite sure whether he is not worse, and still weaker, because he is in the fetters of a weaker, and a more childish being.

Ellina threatens sometimes—and you can understand how seriously—to send the girl from home, to place her in a girls' school, because "she is so completely spoiled by her father," and she ought in time to learn to conduct herself as a well-trained lady. The father says nothing to such threats, but sets the child in the mother's arms and embraces them both. Dreadfully impatient has he become to fetch home the boys for the holidays.

Ellina is no longer pale and suffering. She has now a blooming, middle-aged countenance, with the calm of happiness in her whole being, and she very frequently says to young wives:

"And when the first time of love is over, there comes a something better still. Then comes that other love, that faithful friendship which never changes, and which will accompany you with its calm light through the whole of life. It is only needful to place yourself so that it may come, and then it comes of itself. And then every thing turns and changes itself to the best."

Mamsell Helpless became also changed, changed into Mrs. Rödige. But whether her helplessness changed itself as well, and whether they had in the house any thing else to eat beside spinach, that I know not.

The eaglets have all grown into young eagles. When, after their flights over the world's sea, or over the sea of thought, they return home with stories and with books, the wealth there will increase greatly.

But the rocks of Bohuslän, they stand as they stood:

And the waves of the Cattegat flow as they flowed,

This day and the last,

Through long ages past,

And the fires of the Light House—reader, means't thou,

The dancing lights on the mountain's brow?

They turn, and they turn, they are turning now!

LIFE IN THE NORTH.

March 1st 1849.

"WE discover throughout all nature an activity which knows no rest. That which to our eyes appears repose, is merely a slow change." Thus says H. C. Orsted, in his Essay on the Universal Laws of Nature; and not merely to nature, but to men, to nations, to the world, to all created things, do the words of the great naturalist apply. Therefore, beautiful and full of significance is the old northern myth regarding the Tree of the World, whose summit, to prevent its withering, must every morning be afresh sprinkled with the waters of the Urdar fountain—the primeval fountain. By this means, says the saga, "its foliage retains a perpetual verdure, and from its leaves falls a dew into the valleys, the honey-dew from which the bees collect their nourishment." True and beautiful! for the tree does not live through its great boughs alone, but it breathes through its smallest leaves. These convey the power of the sun, and the nutritive principles of the air, by invisible channels to the root, and the vigorous sap ascends also from the root to them. In this movement of exchanges, all life advances, both in heaven and upon earth. Friend in the South! I know that life in the North seems to thee scarcely more than a lifeless condition, like that of the bear in his winter-trance; like the slow movement of Uranus around the sun, compared with the whirling waltz of Mercury—the life of the South. And this I will admit, that life in the North, compared with life in the South, may be called still life.

But the life of the developing plant, the ripening fruit, the ascending day, the advancing spring, is but a still life; and yet it is progressive, full of power. And such is the life of the North at this moment. I speak of the Scandinavian North; and, as an auspicious star conducts me at this time to that part of it where this life is in the most lively activity, that is to Denmark, I will converse with you a little upon it, as it there appears. And yet, in its essential principles, this is not different to that which is contemporaneously moving in Sweden and Norway.

Denmark! you know it, and yet you do not know it—this wonderful little island-kingdom which stretches from the vicinity of the North Pole, where the Greenlander tosses in his kajack amid the icy waves, and sees the spirits of his fathers hunt and sport in the flames of the north-

ern lights; where eternal death seems, in Issefjord, to have erected the pillars of his temple of never-melting icebergs, which still tremble, and are sometimes prostrated at the voice of man;* to the Southern Ocean, where, under the glowing line, the sugar-cane and the coffee-plant are cultivated by the negro, and the life of nature never ceases to bloom in magnificence. Between Greenland and Santa-Cruz, eternal winter and eternal summer, lies an archipelago of islands, subject to the Danish crown. Iceland, with the most ancient memories of the North; the volcanic cradle of the Scalds; the Faroe-isles, peculiar in scenery and in people, where, amid rocks and mists, the sun portrays Ossianic shapes; the Halligs, where man and the sea contend for the earth, and many, very many more. But Denmark-Propere, the oldest and the original Denmark, that by whose cradle the valasongs resounded; that which, in common with Sweden and Norway, has a mythic lore, and in it a philosophy of life, loftier than that of any other people on the earth; that from whose shores the Norman bands went forth throughout the world with their heroes and their songs; Denmark-Propere, the mother land, consists of the great and fertile islands where the beech-woods murmur; where, the stork, the sacred bird of Denmark, builds its nest; in whose azure creeks, the crimson Dannelrog, the national flag, floats, the beautiful islands of Zealand, Jutland, and Funen. There has the Danish people its home—the home of which Ingeman sings:

* They who have not often seen these fjords, may summon to their aid all the powers of their imagination, and even then will not be fully able to conceive them. Imagine an extent of many miles, full of icebergs, so huge that they descend from two to three hundred fathoms below the surface of the sea. In sailing past them, you see houses, castles, gateways, chimneys, windows, and the like. Some are white, some are blue, some green, according as they are formed of sea or fresh water, whereby their illusion is greatly enhanced, especially when the powerful rays of the sun come in aid. They have an attractive power, which without doubt, is in great measure derived from currents, and by which large ships are in danger of being driven upon them. The Greenlanders are familiar with them, yet, notwithstanding that, many of them pay for this confidence with their lives. But as the seals are fond of their vicinity, they are obliged to seek them there, and win bread or death. Echo is so strong among the icebergs, that when people speak in sailing under them, they not only hear their own words distinctly returned from the summits, but if these are roiten, as it is there called, that is loose, they are shaken by the sound, and plunge down headlong—and woe to those who are near them!

Denmark, with its verdant shore,
 By the foaming floods,
 In thy breast dwells love secure,
 And peace within thy woods.
 Singing wild birds cleave the air,
 Over the giant's barrow,
 While blue spring-violets every where
 Bloom the valley thorough.

Bloody Christian! Sweden's executioner,
 how couldst thou be born amid this people, in
 this land!

It is a kindly and noble land, a land of green and undulating fields, which, without mountains and rocks, but with fertile plains and beautiful woods, arises from the sea. Zealand with rich corn-fields, old towns, with old, proud memories, cairns, and castles; Funen, with its orchards, its fine estates, its wealthy farms; Jutland, with its heaths, the North Sea, Himmelberg, and noble scenery which is almost adored by those who have lived among it from childhood. Around the large islands, clusters a wreath of small, often very small ones, which also abound with great recollections, some from the time of the Sagas, some from later ages, and which have fostered many a great man for the common mother-country. There breathes a fresh, kindly, vernal life over these islands, amid which, swell the waves of the Atlantic, with the Cattegat, the Baltic, and North Sea. This harmonizes with the spirit of the people; for, notwithstanding the solemn memories of the ancient times, notwithstanding the stamp of the northern spirit in the character of family and popular life, it can not be denied that Scandinavia has in Denmark its link with southern Europe, and that the southern life shows itself among these Danish people, combined with the natural liveliness of disposition and manners of the islanders. The Danes have, of late years, undergone a great change, yet, without losing their peculiar character. They have been born to a new life, or rather they have awoke to a consciousness of their own proper life.

There comes frequently a spring in the life of a people, when the inner life, as it were, bursts its bands and blossoms forth vigorously. These are the times when a people creates energetically for itself a living unity as a people, an eternal, undying genius with a peculiar existence, a peculiar mission in the history of mankind. And such a time does not come all at once, as by a stroke of magic. No! silent streams from the fountains of life, silent influences of the sun, quickening winds, storms, or zephyrs, prepare it long beforehand. So in this case. All the pure patriotism, all the great capacity of the humanly great; that which genius and virtue have effected through the men and women of Denmark; which the great kings of this little country, its warriors and poets have accomplished, through the past centuries for the nation's honor, for the good of the people, for the advancement of this spring, of which we speak, all this we must leave unmentioned; little indeed of it has the historian recorded in any case. Who on earth knows the source of the Nile? But we advert to these things that we may not be wanting in justice and respect. The spring is come; the spring which they nobly prepared, and I will now speak of its phenomena as they have developed themselves

within the present century, and especially with in the last twenty or thirty years; as I have seen them, and see them at this moment, in actual life. Regard this fugitive sketch as a faint attempt to reflect the impressions and the pictures forever stamped on the heart's memory.

On Christmas Eve, 1848—a chill and cloudy winter's evening—I found myself in Copenhagen, in a large hall, where more than a hundred children, boys and girls, sung, danced, and made a joyous clamor around a lofty Christmas-tree, glittering with lights, flowers, fruits, cakes, and sweetmeats, up to the very ceiling.

But brighter than the lights in the tree, shone the gladness in the eyes of the children, and the bloom of health on their fresh countenances. A handsome, portly, middle-aged lady, in black, went round among the children, with a motherly grace, examining their work in sewing and handicraft arts, encouraging and rewarding them in an affectionate manner. The children pressed around her, and looked up to her, all seeming to love, none to fear her.

It was a charity-school in which I found myself: it was Denmark's motherly, but childless queen, Carolina Amalia, whom I saw thus surrounded by poor children, whom she had made her own. It was a beautiful scene; and what I saw here was also an image of a life, a movement which, at this time, extends through the whole social life of the north. It is the motherly, the womanly movement in society, expanding itself to the comprehension of a wider circle, to the care of the whole race of children, beyond the limits of home to the enfranchisement, the elevation of all neglected infancy. It is the maternal advance from the individual life into the general, to the erection of a new home. The asylum is its expanded embrace. There Christian love makes restitution for the injustice of fortune; there the child seems to escape from the faults and calamities of its parents, to be preserved for society at large, and to be educated for its benefit. Silently proceeds the maternal power to give a new birth to the human race, in its earliest years. And we rely on this power more than on any other on earth, for the accomplishment of this work, if ever such a new birth is really to take place; and that the women of the North more clearly seem to accept this mission, and that the queens of the North, Carolina Amalia, of Denmark, and Josephina, of Sweden, march at the head of this maternal movement, it is only a duty to acknowledge. Nor do these ladies confine themselves to the care of childhood alone; they extend their beneficial activity through a variety of channels to the children of misfortune, to the solitary, the sick, the old and neglected in society, who are sought out and assisted or consoled by the more fortunate.* Blessed is material help in the hearts of the needy; but still more blessed is the intellectual result which is effected by the personal, affectionate sympathy of the rich, whether in intellectual or worldly wealth, for the poor in society.

* One of the most actively useful societies in Copenhagen ought to be mentioned; "The Female Benevolent Society," under the patronage of the queen, and the management of the first house-stewardess, the universally respected Mrs. Rosenörn.

To this activity, an activity not less on the part of the men, associates itself, supporting it, and continuing it where it ceases. We will merely give one example of this.

About thirty years ago, there swarmed in the streets of Copenhagen, a multitude of lads, from ten to fifteen years of age, like that still greater number in Stockholm, who are called "harbor-scamps," a repulsive race, in filthy garments, and with wild, thievish eyes, the children of crime and misery, and growing up in all wickedness, forever on the watch for robbery and mischief. A government officer, who about that time received an appointment in the police, Mr. A. DREWSON, was struck by the prevalence of this class, laid it to heart, and, with other similarly disposed and philanthropic men, formed a plan to extirpate this growing evil by a thorough and searching remedy. When he had matured his scheme, he called on his fellow-citizens for assistance. He did not call in vain. Liberal subscriptions flowed in from all sides, and, by their means, the young criminals were speedily removed from the capital to the remote provinces, where they were placed in good and orderly families, chiefly those of farmers. Transplanted into a rich soil, these young shoots of vice, almost wholly changed their nature, and became good and serviceable members of society, while, ever since this period, the amount of crime in the capital has signally decreased,* and the public good has as sensibly increased under the continued culture of the hitherto neglected youth. Very rarely now is the eye or the mind shocked in the streets of Copenhagen by the sight of mendicant children.

Here we have Nile-sources in society, those which are concealed in the heart, and which go forth out of their silent depths, to constitute the stream of beneficence, and fill the land with good corn. There are also silent blessings. No voice proclaims them upon earth, but they rest with a secret sun-power on the benefactors, whether the day is stormy, or the night dark and impenetrable.

Denmark's motherly women, its men like Drewson, von Osten, Brink-Seidelin, and others, and the venerable Collin, the minister of two kings, and to whom his country and his people owe so much, on many accounts, can not be without such blessings.

For the rest, it can do us no harm to listen to the words of these men, in the report which they have lately made of their operations in the above-named departments.

"Many," say they, "are the facts which we have discovered through placing ourselves in connection with families whose children have been taken under our care; and we have, through them, arrived at the conviction that the great objects which those who desire to improve the condition of this class of the working population, above all others, ought to aim at, are: A stricter morality; a more conscientious education of the children; more steadiness in labor, and for

the individual development during it; a greater regard for the sacredness of marriage, and its importance in society, and a more universal taste for the enjoyment of domestic life. Guided by these convictions, a new association has proceeded with the education of children. It will hereafter receive increased stimulus in this direction, and we are persuaded that, although at the present moment, other circumstances demand great sacrifices, the labors of the association will not be crippled for lack of the accustomed liberality."

This liberality is frequently called upon; for whatever is needed in Denmark for the promotion of a better condition of the people, is in no country more readily granted. No calls are made in the name of humanity for support of the general or of particular good, which are not amply responded to. Such a fountain lies in the heart of a people. Here are gold mines, richer, more inexhaustible than those of California!

The Dane does not willingly talk of his heart. He will frequently pretend, to himself and others, that he has no great quantity of "that article;" but he is fundamentally a hearty and good-natured man. No one loves more warmly and faithfully than he. First, his fatherland. The Dane loves Denmark as his bride—his young wedded wife. Holger, the Dane, the people's national genius, warm-hearted, true, brave, always at hand in the time of need, is a symbol of the national character.

The Dane in Copenhagen, or the Copenhagen-gener, is not quite so good-natured as the Dane in general. He has frequently head at the expense of heart; he is critical; he has a quick eye for the faults and the ludicrous in his neighbor, especially in the literary world. Holberg's spirit still lives in Copenhagen; and truly this critical disposition is frequently in excess, and truly it exaggerates the little point of ridicule more than is either reasonable or becoming; but this is not dangerous; the good-humored smile is still not far distant, and the hand is ready for reconciliation. Revenge and malice are unknown to the Dane; he abhors hatred, and if he sees any one pursued by ill-will, he is immediately on his side, crying, "Hold, I can not allow that."

The Danes in Copenhagen appear to strangers a lively, joyous, life-enjoying, and in the highest degree, excellent, and amiable people—open-hearted, sympathetic, and ready to oblige. In many respects they remind you of the Athenians, for Copenhagen, with its stirring and vivacious populace; its museums, its galleries, and its artists; its learned men, and their lectures; its theatre-life, and the people's enjoyment of it; may well be styled the modern Athens. Copenhagen bears the same relation to Denmark that Paris does to France. It is the center, the organic point of the nation, where the life and the soul have their seat. Quiet Stockholm would be astonished, could it come on a visit to Copenhagen, and see the life and activity there; and how the people, principally in certain streets, swarm about one another, run among each other, throng and push one another, and, as if not troubling themselves about it, retain through it all their good-humor. A silent company in Stockholm would actually be confounded at the

* As another cause of this ought to be taken into account, however, the more favorable circumstances of recent years as regards trade and cheapness of food, the consequence of which has been a growing prosperity among the working-classes, plenty of employment and good wages. In Denmark, there is no genuine proletariat.

bustle and loud loquacity in the drawing-rooms of Copenhagen. This produces not a harmonious, but a lively effect; while the frank kindness which is shown to the stranger can not but present life to him in a pleasant aspect.

But to praise politeness in drawing-rooms is the same as saying that there is bread in bakers' shops. No, if you will become acquainted with the amiable disposition of the Danish people, you must go into the streets, among the people, among those who are called the rabble; see them in their traffic and mutual intercourse; talk with them, ask your way, beg a favor, and so on, and you will be amazed at the good-will, the politeness, and the readiness to oblige, which you will meet with, till you are compelled to say, "There is no rabble in Copenhagen."

In Copenhagen, you are compelled to say to yourself, "The Danes are a good-looking people." You see so many pleasant countenances, though so few beautiful ones; the contour is more oval, the features finer than in Sweden. In Sweden prevails more strength, and beauty of the eyes; in Denmark, a charming and lively expression of the mouth; the complexion is fresh, the expression joyous and kind. The ladies dress with taste and elegance. You see many black-silk cloaks, or mantillas; white bonnets, with flowers or feathers, abound on the Esplanade, the Lange-linie, along the Sound, in the Bred-gade, and the Oster-gade. Oster-gade! frightful to the memory of every quiet soul, who is unaccustomed to the bustle of Copenhagen, and who finds himself under the necessity of purchasing articles of clothing; for, whatever you want—bonnet, cap, lace, ribbons, shawl, material for dresses, parasol, umbrella, gloves, stockings, shoes—for all these, you are directed to the Oster-gade; and when you arrive in this street, morning, noon, or night, whatever be the time, you find the whole city there already—purchasing, walking, talking, and looking about. If thou art in the dangerous condition of being obliged to hasten through Oster-gade, in order to reach the other side of the city, then, poor, inexperienced wanderer, commit thy soul into God's hand, and make thy way as thou canst. But prepare thyself for exertion, opposition, and vexation; for at the very commencement, as thou art attempting to advance, three ladies and five servants, each with a basket on her arm, stop the way; and if thou endeavor to pass to the right, there comes a row of sailors in full speed; if to the left, two gentlemen in the greatest hurry, cigar in mouth, crush on before thee, while seven trading dames meet thee at the same moment, and if thou wilt pass between them, thou art hindered by a man and his wife, who go arm-in-arm, not as if wedded, but welded together. Through follows throng; you can no longer distinguish individuals, and as you stop, that you may not trample to death or smother a little child that comes between you and the others, a shop-boy darts headlong out of a shop, past you into the street, so close to your nose, that you are confounded not to find it flattened to your face; at the same instant that an old gentleman treads on your heels behind.

If you escape from the pavement to the middle of the street, there you are met by fresh

throng of people; carriages, which rattle on with a deafening sound; carts, which block up the way; and if you have the good fortune to get from among them, so may luck attend you on the same labor all the way up the long street, past Wimmelskaft, and to the old market; and all the while Copenhagen's furious wind, "*uhryit Blæsten*," does its utmost to tear away your cloak—and your head, or at least your bonnet.

I will candidly confess before all Copenhagen, that I detest the Oster-gade, and all the people in it; *i. e.*, as long as they are in it; that I look upon Oster-gade as a sort of inferno, and wandering through it as a penance which we have to do for our sins. Oster-gade makes me thoroughly misanthropical. I would strike Oster-gade out of the list of Copenhagen streets, or rather distribute it among several of them. Oster-gade I desire never to see again. Oster-gade I now quit, and certainly forever!

But long live gay Copenhagen, with or without Oster-gade. There exists throughout a vernal, youthfully stirring life, which involuntarily attracts and impresses me. If we begin to contend with streams, we conclude by willingly swimming with them, and do very well with them, at least for a time. We do not go into the society of Copenhagen to reflect on life. The joyous population of Copenhagen is always in motion, always going to and fro. It is always in quest of some novelty, seeks to amuse itself, to enjoy the hour and the day. In winter, there are theatres, masks, museums—all that can excite the taste for the beautiful or the comic. In spring, it is "*Skovene*" (the woods). When the beeches are in leaf, all the population of Copenhagen rushes forth to see the woods. Charlottenlund and Dyrehaven swarm with people. Whole families dine out and drink tea in the shadow of the beech-groves, "where the nightingales sing in the blooming thorn." "Have you seen the woods?" is the general question in Copenhagen at this season to the stranger; for the stranger is not forgotten in Copenhagen. He must partake of the best that the people have; he must share of their good things; he must, in spring, go out and see the woods; be present at the family festivity in Dyrehaven, just as in winter he must see Thorwaldsen's Museum, Holberg's comedy, and other masterpieces of the Danish stage.

The theatre is the favorite amusement of the Danes, and in truth here is vigorous life; life in the bringing out of the piece; life in its performance; life in the interest felt by the spectators. It is but a small theatre, in which, of late years, so many great pieces have been brought out; so many great performers have made their appearance; but how pleasant—how full of life! there is life in those crowded boxes; a quick perception, a sympathetic movement in its public, which involuntarily communicates itself to all. And there are those boxes appropriated by the court to the literary men, where the poets sit, where the people behold their favorites, where Thorwaldsen died during a symphony of Beethoven's, where still people say every night, "Look, there sits Oehlenschläger! * Herz! Hauch! Andersen! and many others!

* Oehlenschläger is since dead.

“Not for pleasure only!” is the inscription over the Temple of Thalia in Copenhagen. And he who has seen the tragedies of OEHLENSCHLAGER and HERZ; the comedies of HOLBERG, HERZ, and HEIBERG, of OVERSKOV and HAUCH; who has seen them performed here by Nielsen and his wife; by ROSENKILDE and his daughter; by PHISTER and the young WICHE, and the fascinating Mrs. HEIBERG, the pearl of the Danish drama; the rarest talent of the whole country; he who has seen the ballets of BOURNONVILLE, the most perfect works of art of their kind, will acknowledge that the moral spirit of the North has given an ennobling influence to the magic power of the drama; that the theatre here is not merely for pleasure. We do not merely amuse ourselves; we become better while we are amused. The mind is elevated to a noble longing after a higher and more beautiful spectacle than that of every-day life, it receives a presentiment of the grandeur of the human being, whether in his deepest suffering or his highest pleasure.

That which, at the present time, beyond every thing else, distinguishes the dramatic art of Denmark is its nationality, its popular character, in the highest sense of the term. They are the people's own heroes and heroines; their own great old times, which cause the popular heart to beat for Palnatoke, Hakon, Jarl, Queen Margerita, Axel and Valborg; it is their own follies and their own original characters which make them laugh so heartily at the comedies of Holberg, at “The April Fools,” and many other of Heiberg's pieces; it is the practical, mystical, simple life of the people which charms so much in “The Elves,” in the “Disguised Swan,” and “The Fairies'-hill;” it is the present every-day life over which the people laugh or cry in “A Sunday at Amage,” “The Savings' Box,” “Opposite Neighbors,” and such like. And in this way the drama contributes, in no small degree, to elevate the popular mind.

I had been told indeed that the theatres in Copenhagen were full, but that the churches, on the contrary, were empty, and that but little edification was to be expected therefrom. I found it otherwise. I found the churches filled with people, and I heard in them some excellent preachers, as well on account of their living doctrine as of their forcible delivery. BISHOPS MYNSTER, MARTENSEN, and PAULI, are Christian teachers, whom no one can hear without admiration and delight; and in Vatou, the church in which SEV. GRUNDTVIG preaches with power every Sunday, may be heard singing (often to old popular melodies), which proves that the people are an assembly, “a congregation.”

There was a time, and that not very long since, when it was otherwise with the religious life of Denmark; when this seemed to be an extinguished flame; when theology lay bound in narrow forms; when the teachers lacked spirit, and the hearers devotion. But a people can not be born again without its existing in all sincerity, without feeling more deeply its inner as well as its outer being.

Thus it is with the people of Denmark. In every circle of social life; in the church; in

art; in science; in government, has the new spring called forth new life, new forms of light. I will now speak of the children of light, of the happy “children of the reddening dawn,” to whom it was permitted to bring forth the new light; of the men of genius, the great men of Denmark, the elder and the younger, who have been produced in this century. And we question whether history can show any country where, in so short a space of time, and out of so small a population, so great a number of distinguished spirits have been produced.

In the dawn of the present century, Mynster and Grundtvig stood prominently in the church, announcing, with the fire of the spirit, and with words of power, the old, eternally new doctrines of the new religion; Mynster, scientific, explicit, harmonious; Grundtvig (a volcanic nature), with all the spirit and power of the old prophets. Mynster's spiritual discourses soon spread from Denmark to Sweden and Norway: Grundtvig's hymns, like those of Ingeman and Boje, gave new life to the church music of Denmark. To these succeeded many remarkable Christian thinkers and pastors, yet far before them all still stand these two, Mynster with the fire of youth beneath his snow-white hair, proclaiming the immortal word of Hope, while Grundtvig, foremost among the seers and bards of Denmark, casts flaming glances, now over the deeps of immortal life; now over the myths of antiquity which he interprets into philosophic themes and poems, then upon the young dawning day of Scandinavia, and the union of sister-peoples.

It is remarkable that the new birth of literature, after the Reformation, began with a deep religious tone. It was the hymns of *Kingo* which, as it were, commenced that epoch, and the hymns of *Kingo* still form the most popular book of the Danish people. Next, after *Kingo*, comes Holberg, in whom the national comic humor showed itself; and at once burst forth into bloom. People say that Holberg was melancholy, and sometimes misanthropic. I can easily believe it. How can a person be otherwise who incessantly occupies himself with the follies and failings of his fellow-beings? These two, so unlike in genius, stand at the commencement of the 18th century. Toward the end comes *Evald*, another deeply serious and pious bardic nature, in whom we obtain glimpses of the popular existence, mostly in idyls; to him soon succeeded the humorous poets Wessel, and Baggesen. It was not, however, until the 19th century, that the self-consciousness of the people, as well as art itself, had their full development.

It was a Norwegian, but of Danish descent, born in the mountainous region of Norway, Henrik Steffens, who awoke the slumbering seed in the morning of the 19th century. Ardent, full of genius and eloquence, he made his first appearance in the capital of Denmark, in the year 1806, as a lecturer on a philosophy which foretold a new teaching of life, of thought, of the principles and innermost being of every thing. By his captivating power; by his enthusiastic love for the ideal of life; inexhaustible in his grand views, designs, and presentiments he carried every one along with him. He went forth like a fire-ship, casting forth and all around him burn-

ing words, inflammable lightning. And they communicated fire.

Around him stood the morning stars which were ascending on the horizon of Denmark; in the twilight of the early dawn, the young worshippers of poetry and science had listened, lived, and rejoiced. But Steffens, rich in genius, yet one-sided, glowing but obscure could not retain his hold on them. All stooped down to drink from the rich waters of the Urdar fountain of life, and arose to go each on his own way, apart from the teacher. But they had drunk deep of the wells of life, and went forth with a yet deeper consciousness of their own vocation and power. They had been breathed upon by a creative spirit, and they now went forth themselves as creators. And the day arose gloriously over the North.

Perfect, fully armed, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, was born the northern tragic muse; not Grecian, not Shakspearian, but Scandinavian, taking for her ground the northern popular tradition and history; the northern heroic life with its peculiar coloring in hatred and love; its lyrical fascination; its powerful everyday mode of thought, and the great moral significance which is discoverable in the life and combats of its gods and giants. She stepped forth in transfigured glory before the eyes of the people, awakening and admonishing them in the lofty stature of antique drama and song; and even to this day, the happy poet, the father of northern tragedy—need we indeed name ADAM OEHLenschläGER!—still youthful and strong with creative energy, gathers up new laurels to those he has already won—as just lately in his heroic poem, “Regner Lodbrok.”

B. S. INGEMAN is, in a still broader sense, perhaps, than Oehlenschläger, a popular poet, and in him every thing which belongs to the character and the popular temper of Denmark, loving, deep-thoughted, quiet and vigorous at once, seems to have found life and expression. Ingeman has created the historical romance of the North. This romance with its peculiar figures; its great dramatic scenes, its pure spirit; its deep feeling; its fresh life has given birth to two miracles. It has made the history of Denmark dear to the Swedes, and it has taught the peasantry of Denmark to read romances. Ingeman's romances have been read by the people of Denmark, as no other books have been, except the Bible and the Hymn-book. The peasant possesses them, and through them he takes an interest in the history of his country and in its monuments. On these subjects he can enlighten foreigners. In doing this he refers to the books of Ingeman, to obtain which he has gladly paid the money won by the sweat of his brow. In reading them he often forgets the time for sleep after the labor of the day. He sits up late with his family that he may read Ingeman. He can not do better.

A great deal is said in our time about literature for the people.* Much zeal is shown and

much labor is spent, and books for the people are prepared consisting of instructive treatises; useful and learned compositions which are sent forth to enlighten and educate the people. And the people read them—little or not at all. The people are poetical; the people are romantic; the people are full of humor. They love old stories; heroic poems, love-songs, ballads and jests. The people have a deeply religious feeling. The heart of life throbs in their heart. Literature for them must be kindred to their heart; must awake responses in all its strings. An author who can do this, while he elevates the moral sense and purifies the taste, will be a favorite with the people, and will be their benefactor. He will ennoble at the same time that he amuses. Ingeman does this.

Ingeman is a man of truth. The germ of a high and holy understanding of life, and of every thing lies in all that he writes; heroic poems, the drama, romances, legends, and songs. In every case, he makes use of the dissonances of life only to produce therefrom the purest harmonies; in every case is his voice heard as a reconciled and reconciling spirit. The happy being! For him life has no night, merely twilight; and the human heart, history, nature; the stars of the firmament, the clouds of the sky, and the moss of the field, all are runes from which he is able to read holy and sanctifying words. “The Wonder-child,” of which he wrote, over which magic had no power, but which had power over every thing, and which could release the spirits bound by demon-letters; that wonder-child lives in all his poems, and how could it be otherwise? It lives in truth within his own heart.

The woods and lakes of Sorö—a region full of peaceful beauty—surround the home of the poet, like the mirror of his soul and his domestic life. Murmur, ye friendly groves of Sorö—murmur long around the beloved poet, joyfully and softly, as the spirit of his life: convey to him voices from the kindly genii that he has awoken—from the friends, near and afar, who preserve his image in their grateful hearts as one of the most beautiful memories of “Denmark with the verdant shore, beside the foaming floods.”

With Oehlenschläger and Ingeman the literature of Denmark made its way beyond the North, and became European; and this has been done, in some measure, more recently by HERZ, who, with the magic power of the poet, has taken possession of foreign lands in his “King René's Daughter.” Herz is distinguished in foreign literature by his having developed, in the drama, his knowledge of the life of the people. The war-ballad, with its vigorous life; its melancholy, mystical tone, is the key-note to his poetical inspiration, penetrated at the same time by a lofty and moral gravity. Thus also is Hauch. Natural philosopher and poet, an ardent

* In Denmark, much has been done successfully in this way, and “the Society for the right use of the Freedom of the Press” has understood its own business and the taste of the people. Above five hundred circulating libraries, calculated for the peasantry and the working-classes are at this time spread over Denmark; and all that is needed is to provide books enough to satisfy the desire for

them. For forty years has this society been in operation, thirty of which, under the direction of that zealous statesman, Privy-Counselor Collin, and the results of his active exertions are seen in the increasing taste of the peasantry and the handicraftsmen for pleasures of a higher order. Ale-houses and clubs are less frequented; the home more beloved, and the readings in the family circle, during the autumn and winter evenings, give a new delight and a new interest to family-life.

and enthusiastic character, he seeks to unite in verse, science and poetry; his earth has a glowing heart; his flowers spring up from a deep and spiritual soil. The tragic solemnity of life, the night of existence, afford to him light only out of darkness. There gleams forth in his poems romances, fairy-tales, and dramas—a gloomy, but a warmly-beaming eye. This was given to him by his genius, and by the bitter-sweet experience of life.

Paludan Möller, whose last great epic, "Adam Homo," published during the last winter in Copenhagen, and which produced a great effect, is a man of deep thought in verse, in which he has attained extraordinary facility and perfection. While this rich poetic nature loves to penetrate into the deepest mines of the human soul, and to bring thence the pure gold; while he applies the fire of satire to the dross and to the rubbish of life, of thought and of feeling, CHRISTIAN WINTER sings the idyllic country-life of his native land, in poems so living and fresh, that the Danes fancy they can smell the new hay in the flowers of his meadows.

J. L. HEIBERG has long stood among the literati of Denmark, as one of the rocks in the sea against which the ship strikes. He has introduced into Denmark a higher and a more scientific mode of criticism. Whether this was always high enough and scientific enough, in the highest sense of *scientific*, this is not the place to consider; but we have difficulty in recognizing any judgment-seat in literature higher than that which, sooner or later, forms itself in the living heart of the people themselves. Certain it is, that Heiberg has labored greatly for the intellectual development of his countrymen, not merely by means of his Holberg-like tendency, but still more by his keen perception of excellence which he acknowledges, and by his own poetical creations, especially in the drama. That peculiar kind of vaudeville which he introduced into Denmark continues still to be the favorite amusement of the public; and the flowers which the rock bears at this time testify to a genial and a fruitful soil.

All these last-named authors and poets, though important in the literature of Denmark, are still but little known in foreign countries. There sprung up, however, one day upon "the green island" a little unpretending flower, to which nobody paid any attention. Many people looked disparagingly down upon the little thing, and called it a mere nothing! Nobody troubled themselves about it. But the sun loved the flower, and cast upon it its bright beams. The leaves began to unfold, and then beautiful colors and forms revealed themselves; it began to take wing; it loosened its hold on mother earth, and flew forth—over the whole world! Every where people gathered together to listen, great and small, old and young, learned and unlearned, in court and in cottage, and as they listened they felt themselves alternately amused and affected; they became more cheerful and more gentle of spirit, while a world of lovely enchantments passed before their inner glance. Every where have people hailed with astonishment and delight these beautiful, winged legends, gifted with colors and tones which seem to belong to a world more beautiful and more serene than this.

Who in the educated world has not heard speak of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S Fairy-tales for children? In the child they awaken the thoughtful man, and we, full-grown people, are again converted by them into good and happy children. Andersen himself is a "wonder-child," whom some good fairy has gifted in the cradle. His life is a real fairy-tale, in which the poor lad, who began his career in lowliness and want, closes it with honor and good luck; it began in the humble cottage, and it ends in the saloons of royal palaces.

Known and beloved also as a romance writer and lyrical poet, Andersen's true, peculiar mastership, his originality and his immortality are in his Tales. In these he is second to no one. In these he is the son of the legendary North, where Sämund and Snorre sung wonderful adventures, where the oldest story-teller, the old woman, Turida, sate in the twilight of history, by the flames of Heckla, relating old tales which have come down from generation to generation. The spirit of the old story-teller is changed since then; her theme is now no longer the deeds of violence and the vengeance of blood, and the long, long hatred which grew silently from year to year among contending kindred, until, like the avalanche of the Alps, it was precipitated by its own weight, and crushing all that came in its way, found rest only in the grave which itself dug. Those stories belong to far-past times. These latest are children of light, and cast their beams over the children of men.

Young and vigorous shoots are richly germinating at the present moment in the literature of Denmark, in its poetry as well as in its prose. Love to the fatherland, and to that which is peculiar in its scenery and in the life of its people, is the seed of these. This love is felt in STEEN STEENSEN Blicher's living descriptions of the grand scenery of Jutland, and in the life of its peasantry. And the every-day stories published by J. L. HEIBERG, in which the hand of a woman is universally recognized, and which delineate the life of the middle classes in Denmark, with equal cordiality and humor, have become favorites through the whole of Scandinavia. Fresh and vigorous is the plant which springs up from domestic life, and from the life of the people of the North.

In other branches of art has this new life also revealed itself. Contemporaneously with Oehlenschläger appeared THORWALDSEN, a poet in sculpture, and, through him, a vast wealth of plastic works of art, the admiration of our time. In form, Thorwaldsen adhered to the antique, but in vividness of expression, in freshness, in youthful naïveté, he is the child of the "green islands," he is the son of Dana. This great artist was one of the fortunate of the earth. His life was a continued glad creation; he lived acknowledged and honored in his own time, by his own country, and died, shortly after the day of his public triumph, without sickness or the pains of death: died, or rather fell asleep, while listening to beautiful music in the temple of Thalia, surrounded by his friends and admirers.

The Danish people have, in Thorwaldsen's Museum, raised to him a monument as honorable to the artist as to the people, who thus know how to value their own great men, and

who now, in the monument which is placed above his grave, possess a living fountain for the perpetual enjoyment of art and new inspiration. We are amazed when we behold the riches of the works which proceeded from the hand of this master, the wealth of conception, of expression, of his many-sided comprehension of the ideal of life. Thorwaldsen was a giant in plastic art, an intellectual Titan, who merely wanted one thing to conquer heaven—the knowledge of the most sublime ideal, of the most sublime beauty, the strength, the love, the sorrow, and the joy of Christianity. In the centre of Thorwaldsen's museum, is Thorwaldsen's grave, covered with fresh, blooming roses, here an emblem without flattery.

JERICHO and BISSEN are the greatest of Denmark's living sculptors, both of them men of strong and original powers. The former of these has shown by his "Christ," his "Angel of the Resurrection," and his group of "Adam and Eve," his profound feeling for the profoundest sentiment of life. The latter has begun to represent in marble the gods, and the heroes of the Northern mythology, and, in so doing, has opened to them a new path.

Denmark has, in painting, a young, promising school of artists, who, while they confine themselves faithfully to nature, and to the search for truth in all its beauty, still more seek for it in their own native land, and represent it in their pictures. Thus of historical painters are, MARSTRAND, SIMONSEN and SONNE; of painters of genre-pictures, SCHLEISNER and MONNIER; of sea-pieces, MELBY and SÖRENSEN; of landscape, SKOVGAARD, KEIRSKOW and RUMP; of flower-painters, JENSEN and OTTENSEN; portrait-painters, GERTNER, SCHUTZ, and others. Amid this group of Danish artists, there has lately appeared one, neither Danish nor Northern—but whom Denmark ought henceforth to reckon among her own—with all the glowing energy of coloring, of expression and eye peculiar to the South, and with faults and merits which belong to genius. It is a woman richly gifted; a daughter of Poland, and now the wife of a Danish artist: it is ELIZABETH BAUMAN, now MRS. JERICHO, who has recalled in Denmark the memory of Ruben's pencil, of his fire and his creative life.

In music, HARTMAN, RONG, and GADE, have caused tones to sound which never before were heard in the higher musical circles—tones and melodies formerly heard only in the Northern war-ballads and the songs of the people; but in which the Northern genius reveals that deep feeling, that gravity, and that ferocity, that peculiar tone of gladness or of sorrow, which belongs to its peculiar life, and which every heart in the North recognizes as the innermost tone and voice of its own being. The most tender melancholy and the boldest strength here meet in harmonious conjunction. There is a voice which cries aloud in this voice, a voice of sublime longing and prophetic consolation.

While the genius of art has thus spread forth its wings, that of science is not behind hand. The mother-tongue—that first common nurse of a people—through the labors of the great philologist RASK, and of MOLBECK—the author of the Danish dictionary, and an indefatigable

collector of Danish historic literature—has freed itself from the fetters of a foreign speech, and the tongue of Norræna appeared in its primitive beauty, and drew the hitherto separated classes of the people nearer to each other, by that common speech, which has been made universally popular by the poets.*

Like twin stars in the heaven of science, appeared as thinkers and writers, the two brothers ORSTED. A. S. ORSTED, the lawyer, penetrating with all the force of a methodical mind into the legislation of Denmark, recasting it, and establishing the state on a religious basis.

H. C. ORSTED, the natural philosopher, developing the hitherto unknown powers of nature, and erecting the physical world on the foundation of the spiritual, "the movable upon the immovable." This great discovery in the year 1820, of electro-magnetism, or the law of sympathetic power between electrified bodies and the magnet, which caused his name, and that of his native land to resound through the whole learned world, has, of late years given birth to the electric telegraph, by whose wires the thoughts of the world, and intelligence of commerce fly from country to country, from city to city, from mind to mind. His small, but from its contents, great work, on "Kundskapsøverens Vaesensenhed i det hele Verldens-allt," † which may perhaps be translated "On the Universal Identity of the Perceptive Faculty," is one of the seed of thought which genius plants for the nourishment of the century.

This work of genius with its severe logic, its bold trains of thought, and its grand views of the universe, this work which casts new light upon the light of the stars, which draws the whole starry firmament nearer to the human heart, which clearly demonstrates that there is nothing discovered in the whole visible creation which is entirely foreign to human reason, and to the laws which are required and ordained for this earth, and which are beneficent laws, and that the human being is a central thought in the universe; this work ought to be unknown neither to the true thinker, nor to the true poet.

Orsted, the lawyer and late minister, has during the political disturbances of the last year in Denmark, become somewhat opposed to the people, whose universally-beloved leader he had been for so long. He has experienced contradiction and hostility; he has been misunderstood; he has suffered injustice. Well for him! He has thus fully consummated a great life; because no good life is consummated without the fiery ordeal of misconception, without some portion of the martyr's lot. The great thing is to pass through all this, and still to preserve love, and still to preserve hope. To do this, casts a glory over a human life. Nobility and steadfastness

* About the same time attention was again turned to the treasures of Icelandic literature. Former investigations acquired a higher national importance through the labors of FINN MAGNUSSEN and RAFN, and those of later times by means of the zealous collectors, THOMSEN and N. M. PETERSEN, the translators and commentators of the Icelandic sagas.

† Which was delivered by him at Kiel, at the scientific meeting there in 1844, and published in Germany from his oral delivery, under the title, "Ueber die Differeuziertheit des Erkennniß-Vermögens im ganzen Weltall."

of character are, however, minds may contend, the rock against which the stormy billows break, which stands firm in silent grandeur, becoming only the more brilliant when the waters have withdrawn, when the billows are lulled, when the strife of the day is over. And this day of acknowledgment already dawns upon the noble statesman, in the words which were addressed in the name of the States, by one of his noble opponents to Orsted, at the closing session at Roeskilde: "as we thanked him when he stood forward to oppose our views, and led us either to abandon them, or to support them more steadfastly, so will he live continually in our remembrance as one of life's most beautiful forms, because his gigantic intellectual gifts are still exceeded by his amiable manners."

The life of Orsted, the naturalist, appears to pass on in a joyous light. Rich in this "joyous-light," in science, in the comprehension of the laws of nature, of its harmonies, and its responses, he, still youthful and fervent in his old age, endeavors daily to extend this gladness in ever larger circles to the young, to the unlearned, to women, to people who labor in the sweat of their brow; to all, in short, to whom he can be helpful from his extraordinary skill in expressing himself clearly and intelligibly, in the best sense of the word, popularly.

And if many did like him; if all the wealthy in light and gladness wished and worked in his spirit, how much of that which is dark and threatening in the aspect of the present time would vanish. No, we do not deceive ourselves, and the experience of our life strengthens it, there is in the essential movement which agitates the age, beyond its dark shadows, a secret longing for light; there is a thirsting for a freer, a more beautiful existence in thought, in feeling for a nobler enjoyment in the proper light-life of humanity.

The flowers and the trees press forward toward the light; the birds sing to the light, and all nature longs for the life of light. "Light, more light!" is often the last word of the dying human being, and the most fortunate among the living has no higher name for his happiness than "bright joy." And they who sit in darkness, should not they follow the unborn impulse of all existence? Yes, they will yearn; they will struggle; they will, through night and day, through evil and through good, seek their way to the light, until the Creator's "let there be light;" shall have penetrated the world and shall have filled every depth and every soul with the bright joy of all existence.

But over those who, in the love of their human brethren, in the divine impulse of communication go forth to their less favored fellow-beings to labor with them for this purpose, over these rests the blessing of light.

While H. C. Orsted proclaims from his little island the laws which regulate the whole universe, his disciple, FORCHHAMMER, has penetrated into the peculiar stratification of this island, has thrown new light on geology, and spread a deeper knowledge of the earth's history. And the young WARSAE searching into the depths of the grave has, by means of a symbolic language, which is intelligible to him, compelled long slumbering races to bear a clearer testimony,

than hitherto, to the early inhabitants of the north, to their culture and connection with other people.

PROFESSOR SCHOUW, at the same time the favorite interpreter of the language of the vegetable world, and one of the noblest spirits of the political life of the present day has, especially in his geography of plants, and in his researches into the relative climates of the animal world, produced work of great value and interest. For the rest, almost every branch of natural science has its young, promising, worshippers in Denmark.

To the groups of naturalists belong the Danish physicians who have, for a long time, been regarded as among the most distinguished in Europe. Mighty foreign monarchs have called in the aid of the Danish physician. BANG, TRIER and STEIN, are names which resound with gratitude and praise as well abroad as in Denmark.

Philosophy has only of late opened its eye in the North; but having done so it is with a glance peculiar to the North. That glance penetrates to the central in life; to the depths, to the heights; it seizes upon the organic center and makes it its point of vision for the survey of the world. TYCHE ROTHE, who lived in the 18th century, may perhaps be considered the first philosopher in Denmark. His work on the effects of Christianity on the people shows a profound mind and great historical penetration.

But the spirit of the philosophical new-birth in Denmark is CH. F. SIBBERN. Sibbern was possessed in his youth by an excessive sensibility. He passed through every kind of suffering of which the human heart is susceptible; through every gradation of its most violent pangs to its most subtle nervous pains. In "The Posthumous Letters of Gabriel," he has preserved to the world the remembrance of this period. But the new Werther was not overcome by his sorrows. He overcame them by a union with the higher powers of life, and thus his sorrows became the wings which bore him to a higher development of his own being. During his wanderings into wood and meadow alone with himself, he begun by turning the eye of contemplation down into his own breast. He now placed before him the old rule, "know thyself," as the point from which his new intellectual life should begin. His feelings grew into thoughts, his thoughts became systematized, and these produced his excellent work "Psychological Pathology," the fruit of a large and warm heart, as well as of a keenly logical brain; a mine of deep, inspired observation, conceived in the noblest experience of life. Sibbern's philosophy is a philosophy of life, the ground of which is peculiarly adapted to the people of the North. His are not the abstractions of Fichte, removed from the actual, through a proud intellectual life which triumphs over pain, over combat, over weakness and sorrow; over all the struggling conditions of humanity. It is not that of Hegel,* a sublimating of existence into *thought* and *understanding*, as being the only real, and in consequence

* The service rendered by the great German philosophers—and it is not a small one—is, not that they passed into the innermost of life, but that they opened the way to it. They had their mission and their time. The time of the Scandinavian philosophers is now come!

giving a somewhat depreciating view of the life of the heart and of feeling. No! it is a philosophy of life which embraces with love and power the whole of life; life in all its greatness, its littleness, its sweetness, its bitterness; in a word, in all its truth. It is a philosophy of life which regards combat as the condition and the glory of life, which considers individual suffering, individual sorrow, as the purifying flames, out of which the Phoenix of life supplies itself anew with stronger, with more beautiful wings.

Thus has the philosophical consciousness of the North adopted the primitive understanding of life peculiar to the spirit of the North; that which is expressed in the myth of the life of the gods and heroes of Valhalla, in which every day is a combat, but every combat a sport, and every night a feast of victory.

"The Letters of Gabriel" have the same relationship to Sibbern's Pathology, that the flower has to the fruit. And he who becomes acquainted with the author of these works can not but wish that he would continue the Letters of Gabriel, and show us, in a complete biography, how suffering and combat may produce fruit in life and in science; how the noble enthusiast may become a wise man; how the suffering youth may change into the most happy and amiable of old men.

But it is not Sibbern alone; it is all the great minds of Denmark, at this time, who pay homage to this philosophy of life. And if you inquire of this from those young men with their silvery locks, Mynster, Grundtvig, the brothers Orsted, Sibbern, Ingeman, all so diverse in many ways, in science and in genius, you would hear them all acknowledge the same views of life; hear them all express words which make it a pleasure to live; nay, even to suffer. You will perceive in them that the race of Yngue is not extinct; that it lives eternally in the North.

H. MARTENSEN is, in the highest sense, a man of truth; he is still young, and in the prime of his powers, and through his living words, as well as by his philosophical writings, which are prized as highly in Sweden as in Denmark, he scatters abroad the seed of a new development of the religious life, both in the church and in science, and this through a more profound understanding of its being, through the explication of the life of faith by the life of reason, through the union of deep feeling with a logical intellect. In his Systematic Exposition of Christian Doctrine, which it is expected will soon be printed, a full statement of his views is looked for. By what is known of these views from the works he has already published,* it is hoped that they will lead to a new birth in the life of the church, in great and in small, in the state and in the solitary heart. The extraordinary clearness and distinctness with which this richly gifted mind can set forth in words the most profoundly speculative philosophy, his interesting and genial mode of exposition, make him a popular writer. In his forthcoming volume, we expect to find a work

not alone for the learned. It is high time that Theology was made popular. Our Lord made himself so eighteen hundred years ago.

While Martensen, with his wealth of genius, casts from his central position light upon every sphere of existence, upon all the phenomena of life SÖREN KIERKEGAARD stands, like another Simon Stylites upon his solitary column, with his eye unchangeably fixed upon one point. Upon this he places his microscope and examines its minutest atoms, scrutinizes its most fleeting movements; its innermost changes; upon this he lectures; upon this he writes again and again, infinite volumes. Every thing exists for him in this one point. But this point is—the human heart; and as he ever reflects this changing heart in the eternal, unchangeable, in Him "who became flesh and dwelt among us," and as, amid his wearisome, logical wanderings, he often says divine things, he has found in the gay, vivacious Copenhagen not a mean public, and principally of ladies. The philosophy of the heart must be interesting to them. About the philosopher who writes on this subject, people say good and bad, and—wonderful things. Solitary lives he who wrote for "*That Individual*,"* inaccessible, and in fact known to none. During the day he may be seen passing up and down in the throng of the most crowded streets of Copenhagen; by night, lights are seen to shine from his solitary house. Rich, but regardless of wealth, he appears to be rather of a jaundiced and irritable temper which finds occasion of displeasure even against the sun if it shine otherwise than he wishes. For the rest, in him is seen something of that metamorphosis of which he likes to write, which he has experienced in himself, and which has led him from a skeptical waverer, through "sorrow and trembling," to the hill of light, whence he now talks with inexhaustible power of "the Gospel of Suffering," of "deeds of love," and of the "inner mysteries of life." Sören Kierkegaard belongs to those few profoundly introverted characters which have been met with from the most ancient times in the North, though oftener in Sweden than in Denmark, and it is to his kindred spirits that he talks about the sphinx in the human breast; that silent enigmatical, above all, mighty heart.

From the problem of the inner life, we will now pass to that of the outer; to that which the great struggle of the day is endeavoring to solve. There appears to some to be a gulf between these, but we do not regard it as such, and we will cast some light upon it.

In political development the Scandinavian North does not stand behind, but rather takes the lead of the lively people of the South. *The freedom of the people* is an old idea up in the North. Its sovereignty was first acknowledged in Sweden, later in Norway, latest in Denmark—but there it is most supreme. The political evolution which, without revolution, has lately occurred in Denmark—and which has changed the government from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy, based on democratic principles, has nevertheless roots which strike back into remote

* "The Anatomy of Self-Consciousness," "An attempt at a system of Moral Philosophy," "Master Eckhardt," "The Christening."

* "*To that Individual*" is the only dedication which Sören Kierkegaard prefixed to his "*Instructive Tales*"

times. And it may be said that the absolute monarch, Frederick the Third, commenced the enfranchisement of the people which, continued by Frederick the Sixth, was completed by Frederick the Seventh. This was accomplished unanimously by king and people in a moment of great outward danger, when the country was attacked by a powerful enemy. Then did king and people join together and stand as one man, ready to offer up goods and life for the common fatherland, for the right and honor of Denmark. This grand movement, which still swells in the heart of the people, has given a strong impulse to the highest moral and political development, and a new strength to monarchy in the North.

Neither has the spirit of freedom called forth here any of those darker phenomena which have gloomed and thrown back the development of freedom in other countries. The strife between gods and giants still goes forward in this day. Which shall become the conqueror?

We look back with hope to the oldest history of the North, to that prophecy which is contained in the appearance of the first settlers in the North, under the peaceful guidance of Asarna, and to the people's voluntary homage to their superior wisdom.

We look upon the great rising middle-class, which daily grows in the North, by additions from the aristocratic order, as well as from the artisan-classes, who make labor their honor, and the noblest humanity the object of their education. We behold an emancipation, in the best sense of the word, which elevates more and more the subjected classes, and levels the separating barriers of rank and fashion.

Lastly we look with confidence upon the oldest sanctuary of the North, on domestic life and on home. We see the home as it was there formerly, "a holy room," unassailed by the storms either of times or seasons, as it was of old, and more than of old, a home for the divine powers of truth, of fidelity, of self-sacrificing love. We see the sacrificial hearth stand in the home, and the altar in the church in the Northern Land, and upon this we build our trust that here the development of freedom will become mighty without its dark side; that here the people will not misunderstand that natural, needful aristocracy, which is founded by the ordination of the Creator, which consists in a true superiority, above all, in that which the human being acquires for himself by ability and virtue. Does not the prophetic Iduna stand in the circle of the Northern gods, goddess at the same time of youth and piety, bearing with her the fruit of renovation, that without which the very gods must become old!

The authority of the people is, in reality, the object for which the people are striving, and which they sooner or later will attain—an object far higher, and far nobler than mere worldly prosperity. Powerful must the nation become, as well as the individual, who, by free-will alone, without any compulsory outward power, knows how to determine its own destiny. But powerful is no one, and great is no one in any degree, who does not acquire rule over (the word must be spoken, for a truer can not be found) his own sinful heart.

The kindred people of the North seem to be

called upon by character and history, as well as by the development of the nations, to set an example to other people by a noble, peaceful, and independent life.

The spring approaches. It seems as if this year would come early in the North. Nature comes forth to her festival of gladness. Shall human beings advance against each other in the work of destruction? That is the question of the day. In Denmark they are arming for war, and upon the blue waters of the Sound, floats the crimson flag of the war-ships, floats "Dannebrog.*

We acknowledge that all our sympathies are for this beautiful land, for the amiable people here, for a nation of faithful subjects, and of oppressed peasants, who from Schleswig called on the mother-country for aid, and, as in the peasant LAURIZ SKAU, found an interpreter possessed of the most fervid eloquence. We have already referred to the silent work of peace which is going forward here, and which is preparing a future for Denmark, over which war and death can not have any real power.

Peaceful and fruitful seasons, good rulers and statesmen have, during the last thirty years, made the land rich and happy.†

Little Denmark is for the present one of the most flourishing and best-governed states of Europe.‡ The sense of this increases the naturally buoyant and sanguine temper of the people. Nothing can be a stronger testimony of this than the life which prevailed this winter in Copenhagen, just at the conclusion of one war, and when another was threatening to break out. At no time had the genius of the poets, and the authors, been more prolific; at no time had the public been more receptive, more inclined to read, or more interested by poetry and romance; and never, for many years, had the Exhibition of the Academy of *P. M.* displayed such an affluence of remarkable works. Neither were purchasers of these wanting, although they continued to contribute liberally to the help of those who had suffered by the war, and to other benevolent objects. "Denmark," say the Danes, "is a good little fellow; he has at the same time a good heart and a heavy purse." And thus stands he undaunted, ready for war as for peace. War! we will not believe it! It seems almost irrational, that, at the present day, bloody war should arise between two highly civilized nations; it seems almost an injustice to them to believe that they can not settle a dispute without blows; that they can not come to an amicable adjustment of their differences. It seems to those who are quietly looking on, as if people had now something better to do than to kill one another; as if the time were come when the spirits of the people—like the heroes around King Arthur's table—might come together, as into a great castle-hall, to tell one another, their legends

* National Flag.

† Among the remarkable statesmen ought to be mentioned PROFESSOR DAVID, an industrious improver of prisons and prison discipline in this country.

‡ The active educational spirit in the country, and the consequent great demand for men of knowledge and ability, have very much conduced to the formation of a distinguished class of our officials, who now contribute greatly to the strength of the nation.

and fairy-tales—and Holger, the Dane, knows wonderful ones!—to entertain one another, and drink together in peace and good fellowship, and to wrestle and strive together on their hills in the glorious combat of mind. And have they not already begun to do so? Have not the people of the earth, within the last few years, visited one another by the paths of mind, on the wings of steam, kindly entertained by each other's wealth, and enriched thereby?

The Scandinavian people have done this among themselves in a still deeper sense than other nations. They have, in consequence of this new acquaintance, acknowledged each other as brethren. And the consciousness of that union, for which they were formed, both by nature and spirit, has now become too strong for any outward, accidental circumstance to destroy. It is a union of heart and intelligence. a spiritual bond, out of which ascends for the future a lofty and glorious life in the North.

We intended here to have concluded, and we ought perhaps to have done so, but—we could not. We find ourselves prevented by many little magical beings, which despotically seize upon our inclination and our heart, and compel us to pay attention to them, and they are right.

We began by speaking of the neglected, the least happily circumstanced children in Denmark; we ought not to end without saying a few words about the fortunate little ones, the many who are guarded by the tenderness of parents, whom the sun of fortune shines upon, about the most beautiful buds on the tree of Denmark's future. They are too lovable for us not to notice them nearer for a moment. And that can easily be done if you will walk into the neighborhood of the King's New Market, or into the royal gardens at the Castle of Rosenborg, where the little boy of stone rides in such wild merriment on the swan, and, as if in terror, or in very joyfulness, throws up six beautiful water-jets, which, clear as crystal, glitter in the sun. There you may see many of the little ones with their "gold-nurses," peasant-women from Hedebo, with their broad-bordered green petticoats, broad ribbons, red or black, hanging from their necks a long way down their backs. And what backs!—so broad and stately! One can really put confidence in these women from a glance at their backs; and when one sees their countenances bearing the stamp of health and honesty, one is only the more confirmed in one's opinion. These women must have been made on purpose to have the care of children. But it was about the little ones I was going to speak, the dearly beloved Danish children. Describe them I can not, neither portray them, which is a pity. But more lovely children I never saw, neither in Sweden nor Norway, in England nor France, Switzerland nor Holland. Yes, I am certain of this—that they would, if it came to the trial, captivate even Germany!

June 1st.

Spring is now in full bloom, and advances toward Midsummer. The islands of Denmark have put on their glorious attire. The beechwoods murmur by the blue creeks; the groves are become vocal; the stork has arrived; the meadows are in bloom; the golden locks of the

laburnum stream in the wind. But there arises no joyful song of human voices from the friendly islands. Tears, bitter tears, the tears of mothers, wives, brides, sisters, fall upon the beautiful flower-clad earth. Ah! war has again broke out, and many sons of the country have fallen, and still fall in the hopeless combat against a conquering superior force. A little band of men stand fighting against a host composed of their own number many times multiplied—one million against thirty millions. How can there be, any hope? And yet, wonderful but true, there is no doubt, no despondency in that little band; such firm faith have they in their own righteous cause, and in the righteous arbitrator of the people's fate.

Nothing can more truly characterize the temper and disposition of the Danish people, than the effect which has been produced by that unfortunate affair at Eckerupfôrde. The tidings of this reached Copenhagen on Easter-eve. What a murmur of sorrowful disquiet there was that evening in the city, especially in the neighborhood of the post-house. Sorrow and amazement were upon every countenance. People talked to each other without the ceremony of introduction; high and low communicated to each other what they had heard, what they knew, and what they thought, and wept together. It was as if every family had lost a child. On Easter Sunday, the people streamed into the churches. The preachers spoke publicly from the pulpits, of the great misfortune which had occurred, lamenting, comforting, and encouraging. The immortal theme of death, and the resurrection, had a new and an irresistible significance. The people listened and wept. It was like a day of humiliation in Israel. The misfortune of the fatherland was the misfortune of every individual. The blow which had struck the maritime power of Denmark, struck the silent pride and hope of every heart. I saw young girls shed tears, not for the fallen, not for the dead, but for "our Gefion—for Dannebrog!"

That was Easter Sunday. On Easter Monday all was silent in the gay Copenhagen. The theatres were closed; the dejected attendants spoke in whispers; nothing was to be heard but sighs and conversation about the broken hearts of wives and brides.

That was the second day. On the third, life again raised itself with strength. Volunteer sailors came by hundreds, came singing to offer themselves in the place of those who, at Eckerupfôrde, had fallen either by death, or into the hands of the enemy. Contributions of money poured in from all sides for a new preparation for war, for the families of the killed and wounded. The rich gave abundantly of their wealth, the poor widow gave her mite, and the mothers (beautiful to say) encouraged their sons to go and fight for the fatherland.

A few days later, and the public mind was again calm and collected, and the theatres were again full of people.

But all hearts, all noble feelings, seemed to have opened their fountains for a more abundant flow. The Danish people were now only one great family, who, in the day of sorrow, drew nearer together, to comfort and to support each other.

We will here permit ourselves to introduce a little trait, which will show the feeling of these days.

Among the many who were named in the newspapers as having fallen at Ekernförde, was a young man who had not fallen, and who, having saved himself in an almost miraculous manner, returned unexpectedly to Copenhagen, and to his home there.

His mother and his sisters sate in their mourning, which they had just prepared, when, all at once, the lost son and brother stood among them! The mother must have died of joy at the moment, had not a strong, secret persuasion filled her mind that her son lived, and thus she was prepared for the surprise.

The news of this circumstance went like wild-fire through Copenhagen. People rushed from house to house, into the coffee-houses, and to the news-rooms to announce it. All were glad, all rejoiced as if they had recovered a beloved brother. Tears of joy and sympathy fell from all eyes. People began to hope that other fallen ones might likewise arise to return. Strangers to the happy family hastened to them to express their joy and their sympathy, and to embrace him who had returned. The whole city was one family of love.

Days, weeks, months have passed since this, and the war continues: countenances grow dark, and the foe goes on conquering. But calm and firm stands the little nation, determined to dare to the utmost, and to fight to the last drop of blood. There is now no song of rejoicing upon the beautiful islands, neither is there any lamentation. They prepare for new efforts, for new sacrifice. There is a strong will, a great courage, and a great patience in the Danish people at this time. No one can see it without emotion, or without admiration. And therefore—

“Kindly islands, enchanting islands! whether tears still longer fall upon your soil, whether the enemy shall suck your marrow, and the trial become still severer: friendly islands, blessed are ye still!”

There is an honor, a victory, an immortality, which every people, as well as every man, can acquire for himself, even when apparently subjected to an outward superior power.

And therefore—tears of Denmark's daughters fall—fall still, if it must be so! The soil which

you water, is the soil of the hero, and that noble sorrow is the mother of a noble joy. You shall live to see that which has been sown in bitterness, bearing the sheaves of a noble harvest, and your beloved Dannebrog waving in joy over the waters of Denmark—over the blue billows.

When the life of a people is what it is here at this time; then awakes its genius; then it is at hand with a saving power. The genius of Denmark has said:

When life blooms forth in the heart of the Dane,
When their song the people raises,
Then bright as the sun do I live again,
And the poets sing my praises.
My name is known to the tolling hind,
I embrace him with exultation.
With joy my life renewed, I find
I live in the heart of the nation.
Thou know'st it, peasant! I am not dead;
I come back to thee in my glory!
I am thy faithful helper in need,
As in Denmark's ancient story.*

July 7th.

At this moment, shortly after I wrote down the foregoing lines, the glad tidings of Denmark's great victory over the Revolutionists of Fredericia, on the 5th of July, resounded through Copenhagen.

If nation ever deserved triumph, it is Denmark at this time, from the manner in which it has borne adversity, and now receives victory. At this moment joy is counterbalanced by sorrow for the many fallen. All fear for their beloved. The death of the brave General Ryes is universally lamented. But it is well with him!

The 5th of July was his birthday. “I intend to celebrate this day in a remarkable manner,” wrote he, shortly before, to his wife, “whether it brings me victory, or whether it leaves me in the field of battle.”

It was on the 5th of July when he won a victory, and died the death of a hero, at the moment when, after having had two horses shot under him, he, on foot, again led the assault against the enemy's battery, calling to his people, “Nay, my children! there is no talking to-day of a retreat!”

And he went forth to death and immortality. Hail to the brave man! hail to his people!

* Ingeman's “Holger the Dane.”

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